

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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[ONE PENNY.]



A. SLOPER AS MACBETH.

"To oblige his boon companion, Henry Irving, Papa has very foolishly, I think, consented to act as his under-study in the character of Macbeth. It is some years since Poor Papa did much in the William line, and consequently his latest attempt is a ghastly failure. You might as easily expect the Tichborne Claimant to play Romeo. The fact is, physically Papa is unfitted for the part. Even at a dress rehearsal at home the other night, with all the advantages of Mama as Lady Macbeth, the show was a chaotic fiasco. Billy says Papa's gugging was singularly out of place."—TOOTRIX.

THE REVOLVER, OR WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



1. Why, we shud' soon have youngsters starting in a sort of modern highkaynes fashion, in this fashion!

2. Perhaps it would not be a bad plan, too, for France, when not without much to win themselves thereby. It would keep off this sort of rapsody.

3. It would be rather awkward, though, if, when an enemy's represented to stick the stick should stick him up at the point of the weapon.

A CLUMSY CRIME.

MR. THOMAS ANDER, a private gentleman, living at Faversham, in Kent, is described in a rare and curious account of his murder in 1861 as being "a tall and comely Fellow, and married to a Gentlewoman, who was also tall, young, well shaped, and every way handsome." Undoubtedly, however, Mrs. Allen would appear to have conceived a dispassionate infatuation for one Michael, "a sleek, swashy fellow," a Faversham tailor. In order to marry whom she desired to remove her husband, and procured a poison for that purpose.

This first attempt on hard-to-day Anden's life having failed on account of the inefficiency of the poison, she made a bargain with one Green, a man with whom Anden had had a quarrel, to procure an assassin, and one was easily found in the person of a certain Black Will, "a terrible and cruel ruffian," who, "armed with a sword and buckler," was doing a little footpad business on Gad's Hill, and who a friend of Green's named Bradshaw told him had "committed several robberies and murders" in the neighbourhood of Boulogne. Next day Green pointed out Squire Anden and his manservant, Michael, to Black Will in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, where the ruffian proposed at once killing both. Green, however, assured him that Michael was in the plot, and as the Squire had friends with him, the deed was postponed until dark, when Michael was to leave the doors of the house in town, where the Squire slept, open. Green

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 18.—MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, F.O.S.

"Clement Scott, the well-known Daily Telegraph theatrical critic, is like the ones before him, quite—like none you ever saw him, the more you think of him. Clement is supposed to have started life as a printer's devil, in the office of the Daily Telegraph. This is occasioned with his first, somewhat for the London of the theatre, shown by him in later years. One here soon left the printing office, and went on to the stage as an actor. Clement, however, got tired of the employment, and went to give the greater pleasure than to see his own plays enacted, and to write scathing criticisms on them. W. H. Gilbert, the famous opera producer, is Clement's bosom friend, and it is very pleasant to see the amusing way in which our two critics have been at it for years, and the long history of the way in which these criticisms are received. The writer, their mutual affection is something amusing. One's wonder is to see a critic, and a good little, too, Scott was named F.O.S., and the 'Sloper' a ward of 'Merry' mentioned to him, October 18th, 1887.—Dorset Empress."



"Distressed Virginia. Could you kindly tell us the occasion for this?" Boston Mirror. Dear? Why, our fellow—my giving a poor fellow a kiss on the cheek!"



"Merry. Why, then, your brother is named on the bank. Hadn't you better stop and speak to him?"
"Oh, no!—the bank! I have seen him, you know, dear."



"How Fashion. Was vulgar when your sister was Miss Alice! Alice, dear? What name this is?"
"How Fashion, dear? Main Goo! Mine, mine—most friend tell me just a long dress wasn't a vulgar dress; so, yes I say vulgar, I mean to wear that."

PREPARING FOR A FANCY BALL.



"Hubbard. So that is your new costume, Alice. How much did it cost?"
"Why, oh, only twenty guineas, dear!" Hubbard. Twenty guineas! Why, wouldn't it all the last dress was twice as long as that, and got up half as much! I think must be some mistake."



JUST HOME FROM THE CIRCUS.
"He. Now come, hurry up you go. Get on the top of my box, and stand on your head there. It shall not be so as we've not so good a common circus performer!"



"Kilgob. What do you think of those wretches of mine, Snapper? Well, Kilgob, did you know, every year ago, when I sent you up to the Penny Register, I think was the last time I sent you up, I wonder the editor ever printed such club water!"

Robert in a New Character.



Dear Sir,
In obedience to your instructions I journeyed down to the London Hall and witnessed a performance by the Police Orchestra. It was a regular musical show—Thames, Tumbourne and a Miss in the Middle who headed the whole concern. This was no doubt my chance. The same Commissioner of Police just appointed. He was a little nervous I thought but got a green hand he



by them in their clear face, equality. Their hands were being in this other fashion, however, they let him go. That man was no doubt a little lady who smiled at his own rings and who sat behind him. I should be surprised if the negro business entirely remarking that she did not think Robert could have made himself such a



has and the night just as well have taken the evening when he offered. The scenery looked like Haver Crane's work. James says he did not do it but that is probably



THE POLICE IN FULL FORCE ON THIS OCCASION.